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TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1917

And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore.
William Wordsworth.

The Zone Postage Rates

There are two sides to the bill now pending in congress to establish zone rates of postage on newspapers and periodicals. There will be local, first, second and third zones, under 300 miles for which the rate will be as at present, one cent a pound. In the fourth zone, 300 to 600 miles, the rate will be two cents a pound; in the fifth zone, 600 to 1,000 miles, three cents a pound; sixth zone, 1,000 to 1,500 miles, four cents a pound; seventh zone, 1,500 to 1,800 miles, five cents a pound; eighth zone, over 1,800 miles, seven cents a pound. The "free-in-country" rate is to be maintained. The bill is aimed at the magazines and large weeklies, such as the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's and others which now pay the one-cent rate. Newspapers would not be seriously affected, for the bulk of the circulation of even the largest papers lies within 300 miles of the place of publication.

The advocates of the bill have done some figuring and find that it costs about seven times as much to give the great magazines and weeklies service as it receives in postage. That, of course, does not seem fair, that any citizen should enjoy greater benefits from the public service at a cost less than that of any other citizen. It seems fair, on the other hand, that the government should charge more for the transportation of mail a long distance than a shorter one.

But there is another view of the matter. In the end the periodicals whose rates would be increased would not pay them. Their subscribers would do so. People, many hundreds of thousands of them, living beyond the first, second and third zones, want one or more of these periodicals, which are sold at marvelously low prices. These readers would probably pay twice as much as they now pay rather than to be deprived of them, and the publishers without doubt would add to the selling price the amount of the increased postage.

The business of the government is different from that of a private concern whose rates for service are based on what that service costs. The government seeks to extend to its citizens service at the same price. The only exception, we believe, has been in the matter of the parcels post, of which only a comparatively few avail themselves.

It is said that the saving the government will effect by these increased rates will enable it to make a lower rate on first-class matter and will especially enable it to afford delivery to local or drop letters which now pay one cent. We do not think that that will be of public advantage. The one-cent letter is rather a nuisance to the man upon whom it is inflicted. He wishes there were more difficulties in the way of it. Most of the letters sent through the mails have been written to no purpose and many of them not only consume the time of the writer, which may not be worth anything to him, but they are also consuming of the time of those to whom they are addressed, and must go through the formality of opening them, even if they are not moved by courtesy to acknowledge the receipt of them.

The Speeding Motorcyclist

A motorcyclist who was involved in a serious collision on Sunday, according to a story of it printed in The Republican yesterday morning, took to himself a part of the blame for the disaster. He was looking behind him, he said, just before the impact. Inasmuch as bystanders have estimated his speed at from forty to fifty miles an hour his rearward research appears to have been a work of supererogation, unnecessary, entirely superfluous, an uncalled for exercise of caution. He was not loitering. He was in the way of nobody behind him. He was in no danger of being run down by horse-drawn vehicles or even those swifter ones which run under their own power. He was not obstructing in the slightest degree the traffic which pours down Central avenue on Sunday afternoons. As well might the jackrabbit in full flight fear the pursuing mudturtle. If the motorcyclist was distrustful of his ability to keep out of the way of the other users of the thoroughfare he should have stayed off the street.

But the theory persists that the motorcyclist was not afraid of the oncoming traffic in general, but was looking to see whether there was a motor cop among it, in which case no doubt he would have further expedited his movements.

It appears that this case has been so nearly brought within the purview of the police court that it might well be brought the rest of the way and a lesson administered to motorcyclists and other persons who endanger the lives and property of other persons by such bursts of speed.

It is notorious that our traffic regulations are not enforced with that degree of rigidity which insures respect for them. Now and then when a rule is violated, especially if damage results, the offender is brought into court and given a nominal fine. In this case there was serious damage. But whether damage follows or not the offender should be as severely punished as the law permits and the punishment should be inflicted so surely that fools and careless persons might be awakened to the possible consequences of their folly or carelessness.

Pistol Selling

The city of Macon, Georgia, is trying to put the business of pistol selling on something like a luxury basis. It is now proposed in that city to impose a license of \$1,000 on every hardware dealer who sells pistols and thereby make it more of a job for a man to become a pistol owner and later a pistol toter. The

idea seems to be to make the license prohibitive, as even in that state it is a question whether any hardware dealer would pay the city \$1,000 for the privilege of selling these Georgia luxuries.

Pistol toting is one of the greatest evils of the south. Most law-abiding citizens down there have long since abandoned the vicious habit, but from the record of the past year it looks as if there were still enough hot-headed southerners rambling around with quick tempers and loaded pistols to put life there on a plane with life in the wilds of Africa.

We venture the opinion that this prohibitive license will not materially lessen the evil. There is no reason to expect persons who desire pistols to be deprived of them in that manner, when they can be easily accommodated by the mail order houses.

High Prices in Export

High prices are getting into our export trade in great shape. The official figures for our agricultural exports last November show that we sold 2,200,000 bushels of corn, as compared with 1,400,000 bushels in November, 1915, or an increase in quantity of nearly 50 per cent, while the reported value for November, 1915, was \$1,018,000, and for this last November \$2,300,000, or more than double. So of cottonseed oil. We sold 20,000,000 pounds in November, 1915, and only 12,000,000 pounds in November, 1916, but the reported value for the larger quantity was \$1,521,000, and for the smaller quantity \$1,429,000, or within \$92,000 of the same sum for twelve million pounds as for twenty million pounds. In November, 1915, we exported 524,000 bales of cotton, and in November, 1916, 738,000 bales, or less than 50 per cent increase in quantity. But the bales sold in November, 1915, were valued at \$31,000,000, and the 50 per cent more in quantity in November, 1916, were valued at \$72,000,000. We sold 13,000,000 bushels of wheat in November, 1915, for \$15,000,000, and last November we sold 14,000,000 bushels for \$27,000,000.

Europe has to have these things at any price just now, and of course our producers are willing to take any price. These producers in the case are not the wicked manufacturers or the abhorred railroads, but the plain and simple husbandman, the tiller of our soil, the noble and excellent farmer. Vocation does not make any difference in the gladness at getting high prices. They are welcomed by everybody, from the individual to the nation. Our export trade is now the biggest ever, in dollars and cents, and we are all boasting of it and of the prosperity that it has brought to us, although for smaller quantities we are getting more money.

WHAT THEODORE VAIL THINKS OF COLLEGE MEN

In the January American Magazine Theodore Vail says:

"The young man entering life must not be impatient. He must accumulate experience, he must learn the duties of his position by the actual doing before he has any value to his employer.

"The reason so many college boys fail is that they are full of theories; they think they know it all. A college course is a good thing, an excellent thing, but it must be given to the right kind of youth. Quite a number of the highest positions are filled by men who went through college but who had no false notions as to what was required of them when they entered business. No man is worth anything until he has gone into the heat of the battle and had his theories subordinated to practice.

"The son of rich parents is handicapped in his youth. He gets no experience of doing things, and no opportunity to benefit from hard knocks such as come to the other fellow's way.

"When a boy comes to ask me to put him through college I tell him it would be the worst thing that could happen to him. I say: 'You would not only have a burden of debt on your shoulders when you finished college, but you would have the additional burden of getting experience—and it is pretty hard to get experience and earn money at the same time. You can earn money only after you have had experience.'"

IODINE IN THE HOME

Toronto Mail and Empire
Every family should keep a bottle of tincture of iodine in its medicine closet. Then if any member gets a scratch a prompt painting of the place with iodine will prevent infection and further trouble. Iodine is the best disinfectant for such purposes, says an exchange. A person may scratch a hand a dozen times with no ill effects, and the next time with no apparent reason he may get a badly swollen arm. The safe thing to do whenever the skin is broken is to wash the places with water and then paint it with iodine. If the wound is small it needs no other attention. If it is a severe cut, the place should be protected by a sterile dressing—a little cotton from the drug store, or a rag which has been sterilized by boiling water. This treatment is some bother, but it is worth while to head off any possible trouble. Take care in using it for it leaves an ugly brown stain on clothing.

"Yes, sir," said the station master, "Safety First has spread all over this country. And nobody that comes to Beaver Hill will ever get in no accidents for want of 'warnin' signs about. Just look at that now." The stranger gazed appreciatively at the sign nailed on a near-by telegraph post. His stern message was:

"It is dangerous to walk or stand on these tracks while a train is passing."—Everybody's Magazine.

PARIS NEWSPAPERS DISAVOW CAILLAUX



Joseph Caillaux.

Joseph Caillaux, a former member of the French cabinet, is in Italy making efforts to bring about an immediate peace. He has been taken to task by Paris newspapers, which have disavowed his acts.

MRS. BOISSEVAIN, SUFFRAGE MARTYR, AN INSPIRATION FOR STATUE BY PAUL SWAN



EXPENSIVE RUG IS SIDEWALK COVERING

What is proving to be a unique demonstration of a product is that being made for the Barrows Furniture company is a Whittall rug on the sidewalk in front of the Hip theater. Fred Barrows yesterday in commenting upon the demonstration said:

"The weather is playing into our hands beautifully. We want all the mud, all the rain, all the wear and strain that can possibly be given this Whittall rug."

This rug in front of the theater has caused a lot of comment and of course the theater management is being forced to ask the reason for placing a beautiful big rug out on the sidewalk. It is an advertising campaign conducted by the Barrows Furniture company to demonstrate the durability of their rugs.

The rug has been used for seven days on the street. It will be sent back to the factory for cleaning. When returned to the local firm it will be placed on display by them and will be sold by sealed bid.

COSSACKS AND MOTOR CARS

Two little dots in the distance suddenly woke up, and two Cossack outposts who had probably been waiting for us for hours, for we were half a day late, flung themselves on their horses and galloped toward us.

The chauffeur of the first machine motioned with his gauntlet, with the hand he held, and we would have used in a city street, and the Cossacks, bringing down their knouts and flinging their horses about with what should have been a magnificent gesture, flung down the road.

The only thing that dimmed its magnificence, for they rode beautifully, was the invention of the motor car and the cruel and cynical ease with which these gaudy contrivances of steel and glass only purred a bit heavier and were always at their heels. Horses and riders doubled up every now and then and leaped like greynoses, rattling and bumping over the uneven ground, and the motors purred and snorted lazily after—two ages and two civilizations were racing there down the rocky road—Arthur Lule in Collier's Weekly.

Where the People May Have Hearing

What Do the Tourists Say?
To the Editor of The Republican:

Sir:—It has been said often that any government organized by a community is just as good government as that community deserves. Since the making of roads and streets and the maintenance of governmental functions, it follows that any kind of a street a community has is the best it merits. We deserve bad streets since we certainly have them. We have no right to complain, but the tourists have. They have been invited here through the agency of alluring advertisements depicting the glories of the climate of the Salt River valley, the beauties and the delights of the country of winter roses. These ads make no mention of the bumpy, automobile-destroying streets. Think of some climate-bedecked easterner perusing one of these seductive Salt River advertisements depicting the wonders of our winter climate, the miles upon miles of orange orchards, orchards of grape fruit, olives and almond avenues of palms, fig trees, date palms, and not one word of untruth or exaggeration. This weathered easterner determines to stand the rigors of the Atlantic coast winters no longer. He decides to take his family aboard the train with his family and fairly counts the hours that separate him from this climatic paradise. He arrives. The climate is delightful. He takes a lease on a beautiful bungalow, beautifully furnished, and they are here to be leased. When he gets comfortably settled he gets out his car and takes his family aboard in gleeful anticipation of the joys of motoring through these avenues of palms out to the miles of orange groves. But right here is where he finds out something that was not set down in the seductive advertisements. They had told him part of the truth. He sees nothing of the palms nor of the orange groves, though they are there. He hasn't time. His whole attention is absorbed in avoiding the huge bumps of dried mud, chican holes, bottomless ruts and the many fear-inspiring billboards of mud. Neither are the members of his family looking at the palms and the orange trees. They are devoted all of their time and energy at holding on or scrambling back to their seats. The experience reminds

EXPENSIVE RUG IS SIDEWALK COVERING

them of the time they were rescued from a stranded vessel in the breeches buoy. The tourist turns back to get to the bungalow by the shortest possible route, runs the tangled wreckage of his car into the garage, telephones for a good physician and the best lawyer in town. The dealer in "used up" cars offers him \$50 for the junk. The costumer takes it and applies the \$50 on the doctor's bill. The doctor in the meantime has been perusing over the job of canvassing the bodies of the members of his family searching for bruises, dislocations, splintered bones, dislocated organs, stored-up spinal columns and evidences of concussion of the brain. The lawyer goes over the lease and finds the inevitable flaw. The lease is handed back to the owner of the beautiful bungalow, and the eastern man telephones for the ambulance, takes his family to the train and flies himself to sunny southern California, where the people understand the advantages of good roads and know enough not to advertise for tourists, until good roads have been provided. When Mr. Easterner arrives in southern California he therefore becomes an enthusiastic and energetic knocker of Phoenix and the Salt River valley.

Though this picture is somewhat overdrawn, there are many in this city who know that it contains much solid truth. If I followed there were any real and unconquerable difficulties that prevent this little Big Town from having reasonably good streets I would say so. But it is a glaring fact that practically nothing is done to repair the streets. I know of many "church-loles" and cross ditches where ditches have been laid that are deep and about as wide as a telephone wire, and that have not received any attention in two years, excepting, of course, the "cussing" of the autoists who "bump the bumps." There is no reasonable excuse for the deplorable condition of the city streets.

If one laborer were allotted to every ten blocks of city streets, and if each man were provided with an equipment of tools, an immediate improvement of the dirt streets would result and they would be kept in a fairly passable condition and repair.

The feeble attempts at dragging the dirt streets after a rain are almost wholly ineffective. The work of dragging the streets seems to be abandoned almost as soon as commenced and many of the worst streets are not touched at all.

If these streets are what the people like they have their prayers answered. But don't expect the tourists to like them. Tourists are generally persons of leisure, at least they have leisure when they are tourists. They generally have cars and enjoy the pleasures of motoring and they are not likely to remain in a place where motoring is a succession of narrow escapes. They go away not to return and Oh! what they say about Phoenix!

R. D. O. JOHNSON.

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HUGE BIBLE SCHOOL DREAM OF PASTOR BUCHANAN FOR PHOENIX

A home without children is a doomed home. A church without an active bible school or church school, as it has been aptly called, is destined to read the handwriting of its own decline and death upon the wall. When Rev. W. S. Buchanan, a few months ago, became pastor of the First Christian church of Phoenix, he won the hearty applause of his members by declaring himself "a bible school man, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet." They have been applauding him ever since, for his zeal in this branch of the Lord's work (as in all other branches) has been tireless.

And he has not been alone in his labors. An efficient superintendent and a corps of trained, consecrated workers have upheld his hands and helped in building up the school to its present proportions. And now the cry is, as it was once in the tribe of Ephraim: "More room!"

The members of the Christian church feel that the field is wide for a mighty bible school in Phoenix. Dr. Buchanan says, "There are so many people who are not enlisted, and who should be interested. The bible is the greatest of all books, and the bible school, the only place where we have the opportunity of studying and teaching this great book. Our children have five days in the week in which to be taught the things of this life, and thirty minutes on Sunday morning in which to master the true principles which fit them for this life and for eternity!"

"Our bible school is training workers for efficient Christian service. This is attested by two enthusiastic teachers' training classes, with a present enrollment of thirty-one, and especially by the splendid adult class, taught by the pastor, with an enrollment of more than two hundred and fifty. This is the largest bible class in the state, and one of its aims is that it may, in time have a thousand members.

"The insistent cry, as above stated, is 'more room.' We hope to have not only this but better and more modern bible school equipment, at a not far distant date."

The pastor and his people have a vision of a great up-to-date church building in the city of Phoenix, and hope to work this out within the next two or three years. "We realize that this is a great work," he said, "and all great works that the world has been performed, at first have seemed impossible. But nothing is impossible, when God is on our side."

"In our work for the immediate future, the city is being divided into districts, and district workers and sub workers are being appointed, all to co-operate and work together as one mighty force. In a thorough, systematic and business way, we expect to assist in tiding Phoenix for Christ. We have learned to cry, with William Carey: 'Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God!'

WHAT CITY MANAGER DOES TO DIG FOR GROESUS'S GOLD

It Makes Good Government Easy Instead of Difficult

The advocates of the city manager plan do not guarantee that this plan is a panacea for all the present evils in city management. It will not insure good results, but will make good results more certain of attainment.

It does not guarantee that an efficient manager will be selected by the council, but furnishes a better method of securing one, and a speedy means of getting rid of a bad one.

It fixes the responsibility of selecting an efficient manager on a few men whose sworn duty will require them to act upon careful consideration, after thorough investigation, instead of leaving the selection to several thousand people, most of whom are too busy to give the question proper thought.

It fixes the attention of all the people upon the conduct, the methods, the successes, and the failures of one man, instead of dividing public attention and fixing it haphazard upon many public officials.

It transforms city government from an experiment by inexperienced men to a modern business system.

It stimulates politics, ward bosses, ward heelers, and a multitude of consequent evils, and concentrates the attention of the electors upon the character, the ability, and probable efficiency of a few men instead of dividing public attention among a horde of office seekers, thus rendering public scrutiny and opinion ineffective.

In respect to the selection of a manager, it adopts the plan of our public school system, under which school directors have always served without compensation and elect school superintendents upon the principle of supposed efficiency and without regard to the question of local residence. All will admit that in this respect, results have been fairly satisfactory, at least much better than they would have been had school superintendents been elected by the popular vote on resident candidates only.

It relieves the councilmen of the executive management of the city, the city departments, puts the administrative work upon the manager, and leaves the council free to legislate and to observe the results the manager is attaining.

It furnishes a short ballot which limits the number of elective officers that are to be chosen by the voters.—F. C. Platt in the Rotarian.

Cotton Growers Attention---

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Phoenix Title & Trust Company

Then it will best be taken care of by the

Is it an Escrow?

PEACE

What the world would like to see is a peace that passeth all misunderstanding.—From the New York Sun.